

Dear Future Self

Just sitting here writing, it's one: thirty-two
Clicking my pencil, I still have no clue.
I'm supposed to be writing all about who,

Who I will be, what I will do.
Instead I am writing a letter to you
But you're really me, confusing but true!

I'm trying to think of what I will be,
What will I accomplish? What will I see?
What is it that will, mean something to me?

My future is clouded, which means I must stray.
Determine my path, make my own way.
I must keep going, I shall not belay.
What do I want? Here I will say:

The sound of one laughing, the show of one's fain,
A pure look of joy, not one trace of pain.
We shall persist we will not refrain,
Till this is reality and suffer is drained

I want to help others unite as one,
But, after that's over I sure won't be done,
I will have to finish what I have begun
Nobody's left out not even one.

If we can help it, and I say we can,
We will be together, that's my demand.

Those are my goals for what we can be,
I haven't said yet, what my goals are for me.

However before, I tell them to you,
I have a small favor, something to do.
I know that you're me and that I'm really you,
But set that aside I won't give much ado.

I was kind of hoping that you maybe could –
Or maybe even if you really would –

I guess I was thinking you could guide me along,
Show me what's right, show me what's wrong.

It would be a challenge, extremely hard,
If only you'd show me a bit, or a shard,
My whole life before me, my future unmarred,
If only you'd tell me what I should guard.

That question behind me at last I proceed,
To tell you my goals to share my main deed.

I'm trying to respect my world and my friends,
The people around me, do you comprehend?
To be kind and considerate, not one vilipend,

If we all could do this, the world would outsee,
But now I'm just starting, trying for me.

My goals for the future, what do I want to be?
I'm thinking that I'd like to study the sea,
Creatures that live in the blue and swim free

That might only be, my lifetime career,
It's time that I think about happenings here.

The world that I live in, the place I call home,
This place is called Washington, it's all I have known.
Everyone here is different, every person their own.

We travel our journeys, we make our own trails,
We've come here to settle, after many a fail.
Years from right now, I'll be a tale
But standing right here my future's still frail.

What am I? Who are we? That's the question I ask,
Our futures can change based on any small task.

I realize now I can't ask you for help
Instead I must use what I've seen and I've felt.

I must learn from experiences which I have dealt.

Here's where I'm ending my letter to you,
I hope that you find, what I say is true.
It's coming time that I bid you adio,
Good-day and good-bye,

Sincerely,
You